

## MISS WEALTHY

DEPUTY SHERIFF—

A Story of Love, Law and a Kitchen Stove  
By ELIZABETH NEFF

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**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
The little river town of Whippleton is shown in an unbecomingly desolate way. The river is in a state of flood, and the town is a mass of mud and water. The people are in a state of panic, and the town is a mass of confusion. The story is a tale of love, law and a kitchen stove.

## CHAPTER VII.

## The Vigilante Return.

(Continued.)

HE went about in a lone-

some way, putting fresh

linen on the beds, making

ready for the detention of the

real culprit when he should

arrive, and replenishing her pantry

with a good baking.

The sun was low in the west when

she heard weary, shuffling footsteps

on the walk and the voices of the re-

turning posse. Her shears clinked

loudly as she sprang to her feet and

lunged out to the gate in a jolting,

sideline trot. Wealthy was running.

They were all there, the old com-

mander of the "73d," tired, dusty and

leading under the heavy burden of

their accoutrements. Her father was

leading, his brave, white head erect,

his blue eyes dancing with joy in his

homecoming.

"Well, we had a fine trip, daugh-

ter. It was like old times. We set

round the camp-fire last night and

old stories of '62, and it was a real

pleasure. The woods is just full of

quail and chipmunks—they sassied

us like everything—and rabbits and

birds—why, I haven't saw the like of

birds in years. I'm glad I never let

you be disturbed."

"But you didn't find no robber?"

commented Wealthy, in a tone of dis-

appointment.

"Never a one. It came to me after-

ward that, ridin' on one of them bicy-

cles, he would naturally go down

round by Pickettown through the cov-

er. We marched as far as Turn-

bull's Crossroads—that's over five

miles—but if he come that way he

didn't come 'long the road, and he

had too much sense to be caught

through the brush. No, we didn't get

him."

The Sheriff was so tired and foot-

sore that he went to bed at sunset.

Moses had staid down to see the

evening boat come in before he gave

himself up to judgment. Wealthy

washed her supper dishes and

Moses a good dish of corn, and

then she planned to wait for her

return and betook herself to her solitary

porch. She had even tied the goat in

the front yard for company. Moses

decided that it was best to come over

and ramble about the house, and

he came slowly up the lane

in the dusk. He had just reached

the gate and prostrated himself before

the walk to the house, when a

motorcycle smote the silent air and

about the machine came the sound of

the machine spoke round the house

and up the walk. It was a sudden

conclusion, a shrill, piercing scream; the

machine and its rider flew up in

the air and came down on the

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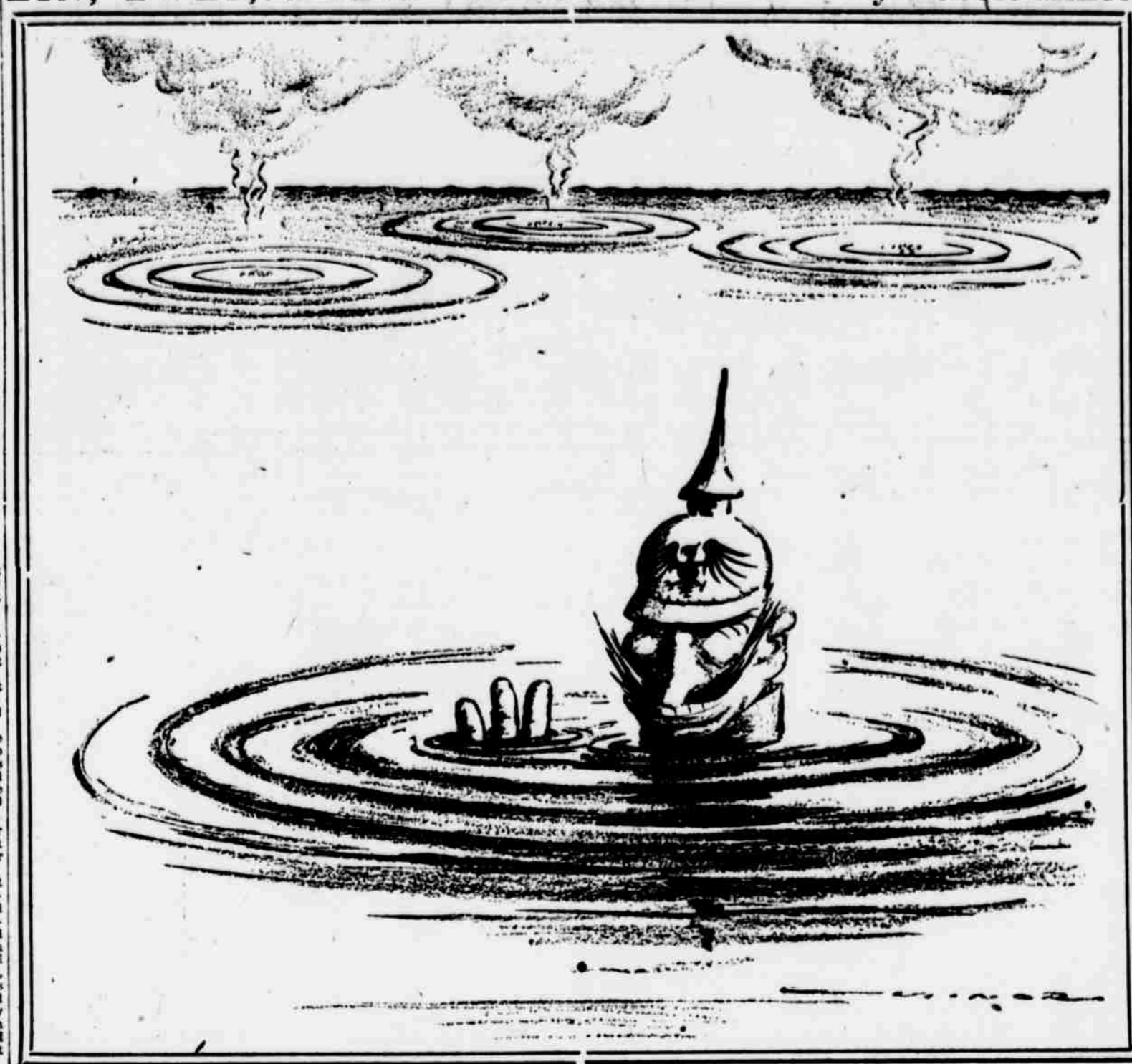
the air and came down on the

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## EIN, ZWEI, DREI!

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(The New York Evening World.)

By Robert Minor



too, and seen the doctor go in. Did

the cap'n ketch cold layin' out at

night?" Wealthy interposed her form in

the dining-room door.

"No, it ain't pa. We had a bad

accident here last night. A man

fell off his wheel right in front

of our house and we fetched him in."

"Oh, then you ain't got boarders?"

"Right bad; yes he was hurt right

smart."

"Granny was fairly galvanized with

curiosity.

"My gracious, ain't that awful!

What room you got him in,

Wealthy?"

"Side bedroom," grunted Wealthy

briefly, still harrying the door.

"I ain't invitin' folks in to see him.

He might come to any minute, and

no tellin' how it might rile him."

"Granny, I ain't seen a fright

as all that comes to!" Granny gath-

ered up the open neck of her calico

dress. "Sick folks have been mighty

glad to see me comin' 'fore now."

"No, I'm goin' to take care of him

myself," declared Wealthy valiantly.

"He lays like a log. It ain't the fash-

ion now to take in much company

to see sick folks. I don't think I'll

let him have none."

"My saikes, if you ain't puttin' on

airs, Wealthy, Persepolis!" Granny

tossed her head indignantly on its

long brown neck. "Not let him have

no company? I never heard of the

like. That shows you've never had

sickness in your house. I reckon if

you had a funeral you wouldn't let

nobody come to that, either, you'd

be so chide—and you allow free to

come and help as much as you like

when I had sick trouble! Why, when

Granny Keller was dyin' there was

thirty-nine folks ached, and he bid

me every one goodby. Yes, Elder

Watkins said it was the beautifullest

he went home. We victualled eighteen

for the funeral, and he was there

through the hull of it. We kept him

over from Sunday 'cause the river

was so low he might not get back if

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## Next Week's Complete Novel

in THE EVENING WORLD

## LAHOMA

By John Breckenridge Ellis

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woodshed and climbed on a chair to

inspect the shelf for the twine.

The disappearance of the little

satchel was something she could not

account for. No thief had ever yet

disturbed her premises. What magic

had spirited away that important at-

tribute?

When the invalid recovered con-

sciousness there was a fresh struggle.

"I won't hurt him none, Wealthy."

jealously. "And you keep out till I

leave you go in."

The patient was recovering fast. His

appetite was a delight to his nurse,

and her sunny face beamed with no

harm. Within a week he had per-

suaded the doctor to say that he might

sit up on the following morning.

Wealthy twisted about on her heels

at this announcement, and when they

were alone she remarked:

"I don't know what you're goin' to

do 'bout clothes. Yours was tore up

something terrible."

"They must have been, but they

could be sent away," he lifted himself

on his elbow—"away to a tailor and

fixed up enough to wear until I get to

my trunk."

"No, they couldn't; oh, my, no. You

never saw the like. They won't

hardly make carpet rags. Don't know

—mebbe now I've got some of 'em cut

up 'ready," protested Wealthy men-

aciously.

"Did anybody pick up my satchel?"

I had some things in it. Do you

know what became of it?"

"I don't reckon I do," confessed

Wealthy truthfully. "It was so dark

here you were, I had such a queer

picked it up. I'm surin' of that. I

know positive that I laid it on the

shelf in the shed—and it just ain't

there."

"Not stolen?"

"I don't know what else went with

it."

The boy threw his hands over his

head on the pillow.

"By jimminy, I am in hard luck! I

care more for that than I do for the

minchin' you say that it is a wreck?

Wash't there anything left of it?"

"There's lots of it left—all of it, I

reckon. Me and Moses gathered up

all we could see that night, and next

morning I went out and found the

little pieces."

"Oh, Lord! So bad as that?"

He turned his face to the wall, and

she made out a pretence of smoothing

the bedding and patting down the pil-

low, just by way of comforting him.

She had adored him every day that

he was there. He had such a quiet

pleasant ways, such an illuminating

smile that often showed a wonderful

set of white teeth. He was so con-

gruous of Wealthy, never complain-

ing of pain. To her amazement he

seemed to see a funny side to mis-

fortune, incomprehensible to her. He

was a good fellow, a good fellow, a

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